

# Murder or Suicide?

## Abe Cronkite's Neglected Clew In a Mystery.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

One early morning in midwinter Policeman X noticed a confused heap in the front yard of an old colored home. The half light revealed a reddish tint to the snow, now-fallen upon it. With a few rapid movements he disclosed the body of a young man of refined appearance and in evening dress. All around the white surface was unbroken, showing that death had occurred before the storm. The officer's practiced eye also caught a momentary incident. The window curtain of the second-story corner room of the house was cautiously pushed aside. A woman's white face peered out and then vanished; the drapery tearing down from the clutch of her hand the street report after a flash came a scream, incredulous, despairing.

An instant later the door of the house opened, and a man in middle life came out hastily, half dressed. As he stood over the body the policeman asked, respectfully: "Do you know who it is, sir?" "It's Dr. Winfield Serven, who lived next door," replied the man, with eyes staring far away. "My God, my God, it wasn't a dream, after all!" "I'll trouble you to give your name, sir, and then to help me with a body," said the policeman, with a shade of authority in his tone. The man's bitten lips quivered as he spoke. "My name is Francis Ney," he faltered. "And I live here. Of course, of course I'll help you," and he bent readily enough to the task.

But when, with the lifting, there came a gush of blood from the left breast of the corpse, Ney's self-control entirely deserted him. He loosed his head and, with a wild gesture, darted down the street. As Policeman X looked doubtfully this way and that, the papers were given accounts of the persons and scenes of this tragedy. Dr. Serven was described as a young bachelor, rich and respected, popular in society and club life. Devoted to his profession, temperate and amiable, he was not known to have had an enemy in the world.

The Neys were spoken of more guardedly. It was recalled that Mrs. Ney was the Beatrice Hastings of a former season, whose beauty and caprices had been the talk of the town, and that her husband had more than once suffered notably on account of a quarrelsome disposition. The hope was expressed that his flight had been induced by a panic which violent death often produces. This reserve was scattered to the winds by the coroner's inquest. Policeman X described the face at the window and the dragging clutch at the curtains. A housemaid testified to finding Mrs. Ney unconscious on the floor, and an attending physician attested her serious illness ever.

Francis Ney's name was repeatedly called in court, and then the detectives went to their unavailing search for him. A kinsman deplored the fact that Ney, a revolver within the year, which the fatal bullet would hit.

The evidence of the autopsy established the theory that the dead man was going from the house to the street, when, turning at a touch or a call, he was shot through the heart. Though the grounds and walks had been carefully scraped and cleaned, no possible clews were discovered, except a handful of brown-smoked pearl buttons which had been found scattered along the street.

With such a conclusion as was inevitable. The jury promptly rendered a verdict that the deceased had met his death at Ney's hands.

Meanwhile Mrs. Ney was slowly recovering from brain fever. Her first visitor was Judge Josiah Marcellus, who fairly forced his way into her room, but who, with the passionate force of some wild creature in restraint.

"I can't stand it," she murmured. "I won't! I never reckoned on such dreadful consequences; the woe, the despair, the punishment of the innocent. I am not my own mistress, the world is my master. My wife are keen, my nerves like steel, and I am under another name. I can snap my fingers in the face of the stupid authorities and live my life once more."

"I suppose he is going to plead guilty," answered the young woman languidly. "Plead guilty?" cried the judge. "What good will it do to plead guilty? There will have to be a trial just the same. Our laws do not permit a defendant to sacrifice his life on his own confession. The jury have to be proved. So, if he has the Quixotic scheme of shutting out the slander by such a course he is committing suicide in vain. The thing must be faced; relying on his innocence, on your good name."

"But if those conditions do not exist?" "You don't mean to say," gasped the judge, "that Francis Ney is a cowardly assassin; you don't mean to impugn your own?"

"No, no; not that, not that! But Francis was mad; he believed I had wronged him. You remember what a silly girl I was, vain, fond of admiration when I married. Francis was much older than I; I thought him matter-of-fact, unromantic."

"Serven was attentive, and I, imprudent, meeting him once or twice alone, writing foolish letters to him. It was a brief infatuation; as soon as I understood I shunned him."

"But, oh, judge, he persisted, he persecuted me. I hardly saw him, but he was everywhere; he was in the power of fear, but he deliberately strove to arouse my husband's jealousy. He was always lurking around and pretending to signal."

"And that night Francis must have seen him standing in front of the house and in a sudden burst of rage have shot him down. I know it, oh, God, I know it only too well. That is why he is going to plead guilty; that is why, if I have to counsel him, I will stand by his side, assisting him in his crime, claiming, demanding the disgrace, punishment."

"Hush, Beatrice," commanded the judge. "Not another hysterical word. Since you have said so much, you must say more. Tell me, then, how do you know?"

"Francis was ill that night. I sat by his side, watching him as he tossed in his sleep. Then he began to talk, a few words here and there, but about me; he was quarreling with Serven."

"His fierceness frightened me. I slipped over to him and took his hand, and he was going to sleep when the medicine quieted him. Surely enough, by 11 o'clock he was reading like a man, and I went to bed, and did not wake until it was light."

"Then I heard footsteps; I peeped through the crack of the door and saw Francis, half dressed, going down the stairs with the revolver in his hand. He stopped on the landing, and hid it in a little closet for the gas meter, then on he went. I heard him parting with the door chain; I rushed to the front window; I saw the policeman, the dead body—oh!"

"Do you think, judge, when I recovered my senses that I didn't understand Francis' actions? He saw me take the revolver that night, he saw me take the revolver, he tried to catch me, and I fled. The judge handed the weapon gingerly, making a thorough examination without a word of comment. I admit."

"I'm not much of an expert, I admit," at length he said. "But even I can see not only that it is fully loaded, but that all the cartridges have been in their chambers for a considerable time. Why, it's

rusty, dusty, and dry—as one of my own briefs might say. Well, good-by, Beatrice; restrain your emotions while I proceed to help those who will not help themselves."

It was a week later that Abe Cronkite presented his conclusions to the judge. "Scraping away the biographical incidentally," he began, "I have ascertained the victim of violent death."

"He was continually mixed up in some love affair, and in a despicable way. Why, only a few days before he received threatening letters in a woman's hand at the club—he made no shame of showing them to her. A great deal has not been revealed because there seemed no necessity for it. Generally does, doggedly stuck to the line of least resistance. And Ney's flight and subsequent disappearance, which I have ascertained, the result is that evidence, closely connected with the guilty person, has been ignored."

"I don't mean the buttons, I hope?" said the judge.

"But really, you know, I can't blame the authorities for eliminating them from consideration, unless, indeed, some peddler happens to be suspected. The guilty person might have dropped a single button without noticing it, I admit, but not a handful of them."

"My theory agrees with those two statements, sir. The guilty person did drop a button inadvertently, and then after she discovered the loss, which you yourself say would surely be thought of, she went back and dropped a handful of them, deliberately, with malice aforethought, intending to destroy all the significance of her mishap."

"Your she had a remarkably accurate mind," sneered the judge. "It was certainly favored by fortune to an unusual degree, to be able to secure just the buttons she wanted at the dead of night."

"Your first proposition is all right, sir," rejoined Cronkite, firmly. "My she, whoever she is, is a woman of acute mind and resolute purpose, a hundred times better, I'll vow, than the man she killed. Your second proposition, on examination, is less natural than it seemed."

"I have made a close study of those buttons. They are pretty, novel, costly; in the perfection of design, they are the authorities made them. Foreign silk if my event, you must agree that a lady purchasing an expensive coat abroad, decorated with buttons so common, would be likely to bring a supply of them home with her. That, I think, disposes of any miraculous interposition of fortune in her behalf."

"But that is not all, sir. On going over those buttons with a powerful glass, they all appeared to be of a fine, fresh green from the original package, except one—the fatal one. (Clinging to that one I found the merest bit of fawn-colored silk twist.)"

"Ah," said the judge, "then you conclude, sir, that I should search for a woman, a lady, living near there, lately returned from abroad, who brought home with her a fawn-colored coat or cloak, which she has never been seen to wear?"

"Well, search for her," replied Cronkite. "I'll find her. But—"

"But what?" "But I can't help feeling sorry for her, sir, so clever, so stout-hearted. I believe she was wronged, spurned, exasperated. If she has managed to hide herself, why should we drag her out?"

The judge made a deprecating gesture. "All I want to do," he said, "is to protect my clients, to free and vindicate my friends. After that, let the law take care of its own."

Mrs. Eleanor Dawes sat alone in the tasteful room, looking intently out of the window. The afternoon was bleak and cheerless, with night coming down prematurely. There seemed nothing in the prospect, now so inviting, and at all times familiar, to account for her mood, unless it was the occasional flash of a white, was face, as a woman paused in her restless pacing of the second-story corner room opposite.

Suddenly Mrs. Dawes sprang from her chair, and also began to pace the floor, not dragging her feet like the other, but with the passionate force of some wild creature in restraint.

"I can't stand it," she murmured. "I won't! I never reckoned on such dreadful consequences; the woe, the despair, the punishment of the innocent. I am not my own mistress, the world is my master. My wife are keen, my nerves like steel, and I am under another name. I can snap my fingers in the face of the stupid authorities and live my life once more."

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## MINE MULES REVOLT.

Refuse Underground Work After Sojourn on the Surface.

(New York Sun.)

For a week the driver boys and the stable horses at the Lattimer mines near Wilkesbarre, Pa., have had all sorts of trouble with the 150 mine mules of the big colliery. The animals have been making a fight for the glorious liberty of which they have been deprived.

For six months the mine has been idle, and the mules, after having spent weary years underground, were brought to the surface. Some of them had forgotten how the grass and the sky looked, and they were days in getting accustomed to the light, the fresh air and the springy turf.

At the end of a week they learned it was nice to roll over on the ground, and they rolled like balls until they were tired. One fact most difficult for them to appreciate was that they could run in

any direction without walls to dash into. Accustomed to plod along narrow gangways, they reeled in the freedom which they were growing to appreciate more every day, and the learning of which was delightful. For six months they lived as animals live who are turned loose on a fertile land, without restraint of movement or harness, and they enjoyed it.

When the mine resumed work and they were taken down into the close and cramped stables, the dark, low, narrow passages, to plod along over railroad ties and hard rock, with clanking chain traces cutting their legs, with great cars bumping into them if they lagged, and with the ever-ready lash of the driver boy's whip whistling about their ears, they protested vigorously.

Cars have been kicked in, harness torn to pieces, driver boys injured, stalls smashed, and the animals have punctuated their protests with their powerful heels. The driver boys are having a hard time of it, but they hope to conquer in the end. They say the mules will become reconciled in a couple of weeks.

Insanity of animals. (New Orleans Times-Democrat.) "Animals go crazy just like human beings," said an observant citizen, "and I have seen some rather curious instances of animal psychology. I have often wondered why some man who makes a special study of animal psychology hasn't taken the subject up. Really here is a good field for some scientist who is fond of speculating on such subjects. I recall the case of a horse who displayed unmistakable evidences of insanity. The horse was moody. He was a fine animal, almost perfect physically, and went all the galls. He was one of the best buggy horses I ever saw, and could trot a mile in a jiffy. About once a month he would get into an unhappy mood. There was no doing anything with him. He would not obey any of the usual commands. He was simply wild. He would run away in a minute. One day his owner and a friend went out for a drive. It was one of the bad days with the horse. It was one of his crazy days. He became unmanage-

able and ran away. The owner was badly bruised and his friend was killed. The horse was badly crippled by running off of a bridge. He was no longer useful. He was not of much good afterwards. He was unquestionably crazy. I have seen other animals display the same weakness. I have seen crazy cats, crazy dogs, crazy cows and crazy animals of various kinds, and it seems to me that there is a good field here for some man who takes an interest in such matters."

An Embonpoint Dilemma. Among the passengers on a Glenside accommodation train the other afternoon was a very stout old woman. She occupied an entire seat, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, as she was so extensive of build that there was hardly room beside her for the package of books and eyes and the three hat pins she came down town to purchase. The woman looked perceptibly worried, and finally when the train was nearing Elkins station, she leaned over and tapped the shoulder of a

young man in the seat directly in front of her. "Pardon me, young man," she said, "but will you tell me the name of this next station?" "Elkins, ma'am!" "When we get there," she continued, "won't you kindly help me off the train?" The young man cheerfully expressed his willingness to do this woman the requested service, but he looked so surprised that she hastened to make an explanation.

"I wouldn't ask your assistance, young man," she said, "but I tried to get off Oak Lane two stations back, and couldn't. You see, I am so stout that I am compelled to go down the platform steps backward. The conductor saw me, unfortunately, and, thinking from my position that I was just boarding the train, helped me on again."

Royal Zwieback, pure, clean, healthy, good for everybody; 10c per dozen. For sale by The Royal, 222 South Main.

BABY BONNETS AND CHILDREN'S MUSLIN HATS. Pretty Muslin Bonnets, tucked and lace trimmed, for 23c. Embroidered French Caps, dainty, rich designs, at 45c. Children's Washable Hats, corded effects, with buttoned-on tops, regular size hats at 50c. Dainty White Muslin Washable Hats, with lace and ribbon trimmings, extra size patterns and assorted shades, at only 65c.

SPECIAL OFFER IN WALKING SKIRTS. All wool Covert Cloth, tan and Oxford, fancy corded flounce, value \$1.50. Sale price—\$2.80.

TORCHON LACES. A new shipment of Imported Torchon Laces, in widths from 3/4 to 4 inches wide, will be placed on sale Monday at, per yard, any width—5c Per Yard.

An Extra Inducement in PATTERN DAMASK CLOTHS. About 50 full bleached, all linen, Irish muslin, damask, very light, pretty designs, pattern cloths, will be sold at fully one-third less than their original price on account of the napkins to match being entirely sold. Made to sell regularly at a bargain in a fine cloth with border all around. 2x1 1/2-yard cloth for \$2.65, \$2.35 and \$2.00. 2x3-yard cloth, \$3.00, \$2.50 and \$2.30.

OUR SPRING SALE OF LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, Corsets and Infants' Wear, Which Begins Tomorrow, Contains Unprecedented Values. We Now Show Greater Stocks and More Varied Assortments Than Ever Before in Our History, Affording You Every Possible Advantage in Merit and Style, Coupled with Lowest Prices Ever Known in Salt Lake for Good Goods and Chic Styles.

CORSET COVERS. Ladies' corset covers made of the best quality cambric, full French style cut with hemstitched ruffle around the neck, long waisted and full front, to be sold next week at, each 19c. Another cover trimmed with embroidery, the tucks and satin ribbons, \$5 cover for, each 59c.

SKIRTS. Ladies' cambric skirts, with a deep lawn tucked and hemstitched flounce, also lawn dust ruffle, to sell Monday for, each 98c. A ladies' skirt with a deep flounce hemstitched with lace and Hamburg embroidery, always sold for \$2.50, this week, each 1.50. Ladies' skirts with a deep flounce of embroidery, insertion and hemstitched tucks, Regular \$5.00 skirt for, each 2.00.

DRAWERS. Ladies' drawers with hemstitched tucks and lace trimmed ruffles, for 69c. Ladies' fine long cloth drawers, umbrella style, tucked flounce, with fine insertion and embroidery, Regular \$1.75 for, each 1.39. Drawers trimmed with either lace or embroidery, good muslin top, always sold for 80c, only 49c. Ladies' drawers with a cambric ruffle, lace front and tucks, Regular \$1.25 for, each 23c.

GOWNS. Ladies' gowns, full length, made of best muslin, yoke of fine lace, also lace and brocade insertion, neck and sleeves trimmed. Regular \$1.25 gown, for, each 98c. Ladies' slip-over gown, made of long cloth, fine tucked yoke, edged with insertion and Hamburg embroidery, for, each 1.25. Ladies' gown made of Nainsook, trimmed in fine lace insertion, always sold for \$3.50. To close out at, each 2.50. Also one with a pretty lace yoke, collar and sleeves edged with fine lace, Nainsook material, full length, Regular \$2.00, value for, each 1.75.

CORSETS. Ladies' fine saten corsets in black or drab, come in sizes up to 36. Regular \$1.50 corset for, each 75c. Ladies' summer net girdles trimmed top and bottom with lace. Sold everywhere for 30c. Our price for next week will be 29c. Children's corded waist, sold the world over for 25c. Our price next week, 23c. A G. D. corset in very fine saten, in black and drab, a superior quality at \$2.00. Goes for, each 1.00.

INFANTS' WEAR. Infants' Long Slip, made of fine cambric, trimmed with narrow ruffle round neck and sleeves, regular value 50c, for, each 17c. Long Slip, made of nainsook, trimmed with fine lace of embroidery; also hemstitched ruffle, made to sell regularly for 75c, now, each 59c. Infants' Long Dress, made of fine nainsook, very prettily made and trimmed with embroidery tucks and lace, regular price \$1.00, to close out at, each 69c. Long Dresses, made of the finest material, come with all over embroidery yokes, lace and all over embroidery trimmed, value \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.25, all go at, each 98c. Short Dresses, made with pretty tucked embroidery insertion, also lace and sleeves, worth 75c, for, each 49c. Infants' Long Skirts, trimmed with embroidery ruffle, headed with cluster of fine tucks, also hemstitched ruffle, plain hem, value 75c, to close for, each 25c. Child's Colored Dress, well made, with a tucked yoke, trimmed with embroidery, on sale next week for, each 39c. Another, in a Pretty Colored Gingham, made with favers over the shoulder and a white tucked yoke, to sell for, each 89c. Children's Drawers, made of fine muslin, plain hem headed with tucks, special for next week in sizes 1, 2 and 3, each 12c.

NEW BELT SPECIALS. A big assortment of Plain and Fancy Leather Belts at 23c. Tucked Satin Belts, the newest shapes, steel buckles, and silk clasps, value 50c, only 23c. A fine showing of Black and Colored Fancy Buckled Belts at 49c. High-grade Silk Elastic Belts, with steel buckles and silk clasps, value 98c, special this week for, each 98c.

YOUR WAIST WANTS SATISFIED. NEW WAISTS IN WASHABLE CHAMBRAYS, TISSUE GINGHAMS, SILK ZEPHYRS, MERCERIZED ZEPHYRS, FANCY JACQUARDS, OXFORD WAISTINGS, SILK TISSUES, FRENCH GRENADINES, ETC.

Very Special. One lot of hemstitched and tucked Chambray, prettily made, and linen crash, latest cut styles, all colors and sizes, some would sell as high as \$2.50. This week's price, 69c. Beautiful Mercerized Zephyr Waists, of blue, blue and tan, broad shirred ribbon style. The most stylish waist made in 5 different styles, all colors and sizes, some would sell as high as \$2.50. This week's price, \$1.40. One lot of good quality white lawn waists, come in 5 different styles, embroidery and insertion trimmed, all come in tucked and hemstitched styles. With a plain hem and tucks. Regular values \$1.25 to \$1.50. This week's price, \$1.00.

Special Hosiery Values. Men's Seamless Mixed Half Hose, come in gray, black, tan, and navy blue, quality for, each 9c. Women's Real Maco Seamless Hose, fast and stainless, 16c. Men's Fancy Hose, in black, tan, royal blue, cadet, red, gray and tan, polka dot, stripe, check and figured, 19c. Boys' Buckskin from Oxford Hose, triple knee, warranted stainless, any size from 6 to 10 for, each 25c. Misses' Ribbed Hose, absolutely fast, guaranteed two-thread, triple knee, heel and tow, THREE 50c. PAIRS for, each 1.00.

Low Priced Parasols. All the most exclusive effects, including high-class novel creations at tremendous saving in price. A great many high-class novelties, no two alike, in all silk printed warp tafetas, pongees, Persian effects, chiffons, etc., worth \$2.50 to \$5.00. All at the special price of only \$2.00. An elegant 36-inch Black Silk Parasol, with dainty handles, in Dresden, Sterling Silver, or Natural Sticks, light roll, good for either sun or rain, at \$1.69. Another big assortment of Fancy Colored Parasols, with fine light 98c up to \$1.50. The charming Parasols shown are a tremendous variety, in dainty cotton fabrics, satens and all silk lilies, with lace insertion borders and full shirred silk chiffon covered parasols, the prices begin at—23c and up.

Beautiful Wash Fabrics. THOUSANDS OF YARDS IN EXQUISITE VARIETIES AT EXTRAORDINARY PRICE INDUCEMENTS. BATISTE LAWS, beautiful new effects in printed batiste laws, just as good as styles as you will find in the best quality, at per yard,